

June 17 - 1996.

For the past several years I've worked hard to try and get the mortal race to obey every command and influence I give to them, and failed almost every time. The most recent being my own brother, bringing down every inch of my empire before my very eyes before I could even do anything about it. Resulting in a scuffle between the two of us where I ultimately lost. Being trapped forever as a specter invisible to mortal eyes unless using the vessel of another mortal, which I have succeeded in accomplishing. I still have yet to succeed in my mission, and by this point, I've begun to wonder whether or not my methods are what have caused my downfall. It definitely feels like I've been pinned against the wall by God and made to fail over and over again until I understand something that he hasn't yet told me directly. I shall think this through till I can come up with a new fairer system to use in making this realm finally free of the vile sickness taking over existence that is sin. I shall be the one to make sure that God's will is done.

Kitty Soulless